

Yankees Bow to Indians After Batting Bagby From Box—Giants Lose Another to Cubs

Shawkey Weakens at End; Mays Will Pitch To-day

Bob the Gob Starts Rally That Ties Score in Sixth, but Indians Nick Him for Winning Runs in Seventh and Eighth—Yankees Drop to 4th Place

By W. O. McGeehan

The Yankees dropped the first game of the series to the Cleveland Indians before 25,000 customers at the Polo Grounds yesterday, after tying the score in the sixth, driving J. Bagby right out of the box. The final score was 6 to 4. Bob Shawkey, the durable Bob the Gob, showed some of the strains of overwork and the Indians nicked him with timely hits. The defeat dropped the Yankees to fourth place.

Bagby started well, but weakened badly in the sixth when Shawkey started a rally that drove in three runs. Fewster and Sammy Vick followed with two baggers. The Yanks had started the punch to win the battle here, but bum strategy put them out of commission. After that they never seemed able to come back.

Secretary Harry Sparrow announced last night that Carl Mays would hurl for the Yankees this afternoon. An invitation has been sent to Ban Johnson, who is due here this afternoon, to see Mays at work.

Bump Shawkey Early

The Indians got after Bob the Gob as early as the first inning and made it uncomfortable for the former champion deck polisher of the Atlantic battle fleet. With Graney out Chapman got a base on balls and reached second on Speaker's error. Bob the Gob might have nailed Chapman at second but he stopped to meditate. Smith lashed a hit to center and Chapman scored. Gardner poked one just beyond the prehensile talons of J. Franklin Baker and Smith scored.

In the second inning Johnston hit to right field and went to second on O'Neill's out. Bagby drove a sharp crack to right field and Johnston scored.

It looked as though the Yanks would start a drive in the third. Bob the Gob led the onslaught. The ex-nephew of Uncle Jesseus Daniels drove one past third into left field. Chick Fewster, the all-round Yank, patted one almost to the same spot. Jim Bagby, who had been a complete puzzle to this point, began to look annoyed.

Moriarty, umpiring behind the bat, got himself a lot of criticism from the multitude by calling a wide one on Sammy Vick. Sammy finally hoisted the ball into the wide-spread territory occupied by Tris Speaker, and the rally that might have been died a sudden death. It doesn't pay to hoist them with Mr. Speaker anywhere in the field.

Actors Out in Force

The razzing of Moriarty continued. Most of the criticism seemed to come from the press box, which had been cleared of baseball reporters to make room for the influx of actors, thousands of whom seemed to have time hanging heavily on their hands, owing to the actors' strike. There were 5,000 persons in the upper stands, but only 3,000 in the press box.

In the fourth inning Pipp started some brief thrills when he hoisted one toward the right field stands. It looked as though it might sail over and give the Yanks their start, but it flopped inside the grounds into the itching mitts of Smith.

The comic commotion was caused at this point of the game. A newspaper man was found hiding in the press box despite the warnings of the Actors' Union. He was forcibly ejected by the special in charge of the entrance and a formal complaint was filed against him by the management.

Our Signor Francisco Pizzola, who plays under the prosaic moniker of Phil Dodger, took opportunity in the fifth inning to show up Tris Speaker. Incidentally Signor Pizzola's demonstration prevented the Indians from getting another run in this inning.

Great Catch by Bodie

It happened in this manner. Graney got a base on balls and went to second on Chapman's sacrifice. Then Tris Speaker himself drove a long liner to center field. It looked like a cinch for a triple. But Signor Pizzola cranked himself up and ambled backward to the fence, peering now and then over his shoulder. He got the ball on his fingertips, and still running, made a beautiful peg to third, almost nailing Graney there.

As Signor Pizzola wandered in from the field, tipping his cap with a royal gesture in response to the plaudits of the multitude, he was greeted by a shout: "Who is this guy, Speaker, that they call the King of the Outfielders?" Haven't these newspaper guys ever heard the name of Francisco Pizzola? Immediately thereafter Pipp claimed all credit for the catch. "It's nothing," he said.

"I can make them any time. The trouble is that they don't come hardly often enough."

In the sixth "Muddy" Ruel made a fifty-yard dash after a foul by Wannabags and nailed it by reaching it out of a box.

Drive Bagby From Box

In their half of the sixth the Yankees pounced upon Bagby, foot and artillery. They patted him out of the box and tied the score, causing a very odd situation. Young Sammy Vick patted a double to center, scoring Shawkey and Fewster. Baker hit to right field and scored Vick. This tied the score, and Jim Bagby went to the showers by unanimous request of the Indian tribe. J. H. J. relieved him.

Thereafter the Yanks played rather brainless ball. Lewis was safe on a wild peg by J. H. J. Pipp tried to hunt, but forced Baker. Pratt got a base on balls. Then Bodie lined out to right. The rioting subsided.

The Indians came back in the seventh. O'Neill shot a hit into right and made it a double while Vick was testing the density of his home by bumping it against the right field wall. O'Neill reached third on J. H. J.'s sacrifice and scored on Graney's long fly to left.

Yankees Pass Up Chance

It looked as though the Yanks might come through in the seventh, when J. H. J. went wild and walked a couple, but Vick and Baker both fouled out, and depression clouded the general countenance of the two belligerent colonels. Eppert and Huston. The multitude surged surreally from sorrow by increased denunciation of Mr. Ban Johnson's arbiter, Moriarty.

Further distressing circumstances occurred in the eighth. Tris Speaker, the grizzled player-manager, singled to right and went to second on Smith's sacrifice. Gardner lined a hit through the infield to left and Speaker scored. Wannabags sacrificed. Then Johnston shot one at Pipp. The ball took a tricky bounce over the tall first sacker's head and went for a two-bagger.

The Days of Real Sport



Reds Swamp Phils In One-Sided Game And Keep Climbing

CINCINNATI, Aug. 9.—The Philadelphia team was defeated today, 10 to 1. Meadows, who had won six straight games since joining the Philadelphia team, allowed three runs in the first inning on hits by Ruth, Dauter and Kopf, with two passes and an error at the plate by Traggess.

Cravath batted for Meadows in the second inning, with the bases full and two out, and drew a base on balls, which forced in the only run made off Salie, who pitched effectively in the last seven innings. Bunched hits off Hogg in the fifth and seventh innings gave the league leaders a one-sided victory.

The Score

PHILA (N. L.)	CINCINNATI (N. L.)
Ranney, 2b, 10	Ruth, 1b, 10
Wheeler, 3b, 10	Dauter, 2b, 10
Whitely, 1b, 10	Kopf, 3b, 10
Miller, 2b, 10	Traggess, 4b, 10
Meyer, 3b, 10	Salie, 5b, 10
Whitely, 1b, 10	Hogg, 6b, 10
Miller, 2b, 10	Hogg, 7b, 10
Meyer, 3b, 10	Hogg, 8b, 10
Whitely, 1b, 10	Hogg, 9b, 10
Miller, 2b, 10	Hogg, 10b, 10
Meyer, 3b, 10	Hogg, 11b, 10
Whitely, 1b, 10	Hogg, 12b, 10
Miller, 2b, 10	Hogg, 13b, 10
Meyer, 3b, 10	Hogg, 14b, 10
Whitely, 1b, 10	Hogg, 15b, 10
Miller, 2b, 10	Hogg, 16b, 10
Meyer, 3b, 10	Hogg, 17b, 10
Whitely, 1b, 10	Hogg, 18b, 10
Miller, 2b, 10	Hogg, 19b, 10
Meyer, 3b, 10	Hogg, 20b, 10

Where John McGraw is peevish—where Pat Moran still raves—

Where Hughie Jennings lashes his over-toiling slaves—

With Dick Gleason ranting, and Miller Huggins sore—

With Speaker fretting daily about the coming score—

Far from the rush and hurry—far from the madding strife—

You languish in your cellar—and lead the simple life—

For you the worst has happened amid the bally rout—

For you it's just a schedule that has to be played out.

The Cluster of Talent

One favorite prelude to any sporting event is to subtly suggest that each in turn is to be "the greatest one ever held."

Between now and September 1 this statement can stand for two championships—the golf melee at Oakmont and the lawn tennis carnival at Forest Hills.

Certainly the greatest output of all-star talent that ever battled for an amateur golf championship will open the preliminary whirl at Oakmont on Saturday—Evans, Oulmet, Travers, Gardner, Kirby, Jones, Marston, Anderson, Whitney, Fowles, Byers—

All the old stars and a raft of others who have been bulging forward, and who are capable of heating even the elect at any given start.

With equal certainty there has never been a finer field than the one slated for the lawn tennis melee to begin two days after the golf crown is fixed—Johnston, Williams, McLaughlin, Murray, Tilden, Richards, Griffin, Kumagae—and the famed Australians, led by Brookings.

Amateur sport will reach the height of its revelry and buoyancy between August 18 and 30, when each sport will put upon display the sole survivor who has faced a harder task than any golf or tennis champion ever had to face before.

Selling Players

As long as the sale of major league players from one club to another is perpetuated after July 15, there will always be trouble, bickering, lusty squawking and continual uproar.

The one way to stop this is to formulate an iron-fringed rule that no such sale can be made after mid-July, when leading clubs began to start for the final stretch.

Where star players are sold back and forth, pennant winning then becomes merely a matter of which happens to be the richest club.

No such rule will ever be passed, of course. For such a regulation might tap some one's pocketbook or infringe in a way upon the collection of more kale.

The SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

(Copyright, 1919, New York Tribune Inc.)

To Connie Mack

Well, let them rave and bother, or let them fret and stew,
Let them pile up their troubles, about what they shall do;
When some one blows a battle—when some one chuckles a game—
Let them hemoan their anguish or write amid their shame—
For your strain is over—for you the stress is done,
What does it mean at twilight if you have lost or won?

Where John McGraw is peevish—where Pat Moran still raves—

Where Hughie Jennings lashes his over-toiling slaves—

With Dick Gleason ranting, and Miller Huggins sore—

With Speaker fretting daily about the coming score—

Far from the rush and hurry—far from the madding strife—

You languish in your cellar—and lead the simple life—

For you the worst has happened amid the bally rout—

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Herzog's Hit Helps Beat Douglas in Eighth Inning

Wild Throw by Gonzales Breaks Tie and Paves Way to Second New York Defeat by 3-1; Vaughn Outpitches Former Member of Chicago Team

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—When one is on the downward path everybody seems to lend a hand to facilitate his progress. Thus it is with the Giants. The Cubs applied the boot again today to help widen the breach between the New Yorkers and the Reds by trimming the visitors for the second time in the series, by a score of 3 to 1. It was a heartbreaking battle for the struggling Easterners to lose.

Whitted Goes to Pirates in Trade For Casey Stengel

PITTSBURGH, Aug. 9.—The Pirates today traded outfielder Charles "Casey" Stengel to the Phillies for outfielder George Whitted. It was an even swap, with no money consideration. Both players have been dissatisfied with their berths. They will report to their new clubs immediately.

Phil Gets His Chance

Phil got his chance and certainly did his best to make himself. He hurled with all the skill at his command and actually shaded "Hippo" Vaughn, the efficient left-hander of the home nine. Douglas's new clubmate, however, didn't stand by him. Slowly, a wabbling defense and light stickwork contributed to the downfall of Douglas and the Giants.

It is not to be implied that Vaughn had only his glove with him. He had his strong left wing in proper shape and baffled the Manhattanites as much as Douglas fooled the Cubs. The difference is that the Giant hits mean nothing more than base hits, whereas the Cubs' wallopers were of the productive sort. One of the biggest crowds of the season were watching this duel. Until the eighth the teams ran neck and neck. In that fatal inning the Giants slipped, and before they recovered their balance the game was out of reach. Two runs in this frame broke the 1-1 all score which had existed from the second inning.

Senators Wallop White Sox in First Of Series by 11 to 6

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Washington batters knocked Erskine Mayer, former Philadelphia National League pitcher, who worked for Chicago here on the opening game of the series, out of the box, and hit McGraw, a recruit, freely. They took the game by a score of 11 to 6.

Catcher Aids the Enemy

Gonzales helped the enemy to succeed by pegging wildly into center field, and caught over what proved to be the winning run. To make doubly sure, Herzog, the ex-Giant, ex-Braves, ex-Reds, socked into far left for three bases. Black forcing. Dave Rusk, who brought the inning to a close by grounding to Fletcher.

In the second inning the Giants got a run and the lead. Kauff cranked a hit through the box. Vaughn drove a wicked clout of Zim's. Baird singled to right. Flack grabbed the ball and made a perfect throw to the plate, but Kauff slipped the ball and scored. Gonzales and Douglas were easy outs.

More Gloom!!

NEW YORK (N. L.) CHICAGO (N. L.)

NEW YORK	CHICAGO
Baird, 1b, 10	Baird, 1b, 10
Kauff, 2b, 10	Kauff, 2b, 10
Flack, 3b, 10	Flack, 3b, 10
Smith, 4b, 10	Smith, 4b, 10
Miller, 5b, 10	Miller, 5b, 10
Meyer, 6b, 10	Meyer, 6b, 10
Whitely, 7b, 10	Whitely, 7b, 10
Miller, 8b, 10	Miller, 8b, 10
Meyer, 9b, 10	Meyer, 9b, 10
Whitely, 10b, 10	Whitely, 10b, 10
Miller, 11b, 10	Miller, 11b, 10
Meyer, 12b, 10	Meyer, 12b, 10
Whitely, 13b, 10	Whitely, 13b, 10
Miller, 14b, 10	Miller, 14b, 10
Meyer, 15b, 10	Meyer, 15b, 10
Whitely, 16b, 10	Whitely, 16b, 10
Miller, 17b, 10	Miller, 17b, 10
Meyer, 18b, 10	Meyer, 18b, 10
Whitely, 19b, 10	Whitely, 19b, 10
Miller, 20b, 10	Miller, 20b, 10

Hoyt Wins Another In Defeating Browns

BOSTON, Aug. 9.—Leifeld's pitching was the main factor in St. Louis winning the first game, 5 to 3, from Boston today, but the locals won the second, 4 to 3, on St. Louis's errors in the eleventh. Hoyt, the Brooklyn boy, won his third straight for Boston, holding the invaders to six hits in eleven innings.

Perry's Wildness Aids Detroit to Win

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 9.—Four of Perry's bases on balls resulted in runs today and cost Philadelphia the opening game of the series with the Browns to 4. Errors were frequent and costly. Philadelphia's first two runs came in on misplays.

In the eighth, with Kopp on base, Thomas and Hunter shot at Cobb and rolled to the flagpole for a home run, after which Leonard tightened up and retired the last five Athletic batters in order.

The Score:

DETROIT (A. L.)	PHILA (A. L.)
Baird, 1b, 10	Baird, 1b, 10
Kauff, 2b, 10	Kauff, 2b, 10
Flack, 3b, 10	Flack, 3b, 10
Smith, 4b, 10	Smith, 4b, 10
Miller, 5b, 10	Miller, 5b, 10
Meyer, 6b, 10	Meyer, 6b, 10
Whitely, 7b, 10	Whitely, 7b, 10
Miller, 8b, 10	Miller, 8b, 10
Meyer, 9b, 10	Meyer, 9b, 10
Whitely, 10b, 10	Whitely, 10b, 10
Miller, 11b, 10	Miller, 11b, 10
Meyer, 12b, 10	Meyer, 12b, 10
Whitely, 13b, 10	Whitely, 13b, 10
Miller, 14b, 10	Miller, 14b, 10
Meyer, 15b, 10	Meyer, 15b, 10
Whitely, 16b, 10	Whitely, 16b, 10
Miller, 17b, 10	Miller, 17b, 10
Meyer, 18b, 10	Meyer, 18b, 10
Whitely, 19b, 10	Whitely, 19b, 10
Miller, 20b, 10	Miller, 20b, 10

Quaker Cricket Team Downed

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 9.—New York's cricket team came out today in the place of the Philadelphia team in their match with the Germantown Cricket Club at Manheim here today, easily winning the match by a comfortable margin of 120 runs with totals of 256 to 136.

Standing of Major League Clubs

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
GAMES TO-DAY	GAMES TO-DAY
New York at Chicago	Cleveland at New York
Philadelphia at Cincinnati	Chicago at Washington
Boston at St. Louis	

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

Chicago, 3; New York, 0.
Brooklyn, 2; Pittsburgh, 0.
Cincinnati, 10; Philadelphia, 1.
Boston, 5; St. Louis, 3.

STANDING OF TEAMS

N. Y. Pct.	W. L. Pct.
Cin. Nat'l, 68.32	St. Louis, 51.43
N. York, 58.32	Boston, 44.50
Chicago, 51.43	Phila., 34.54
B'klyn., 46.47	St. Louis, 33.33